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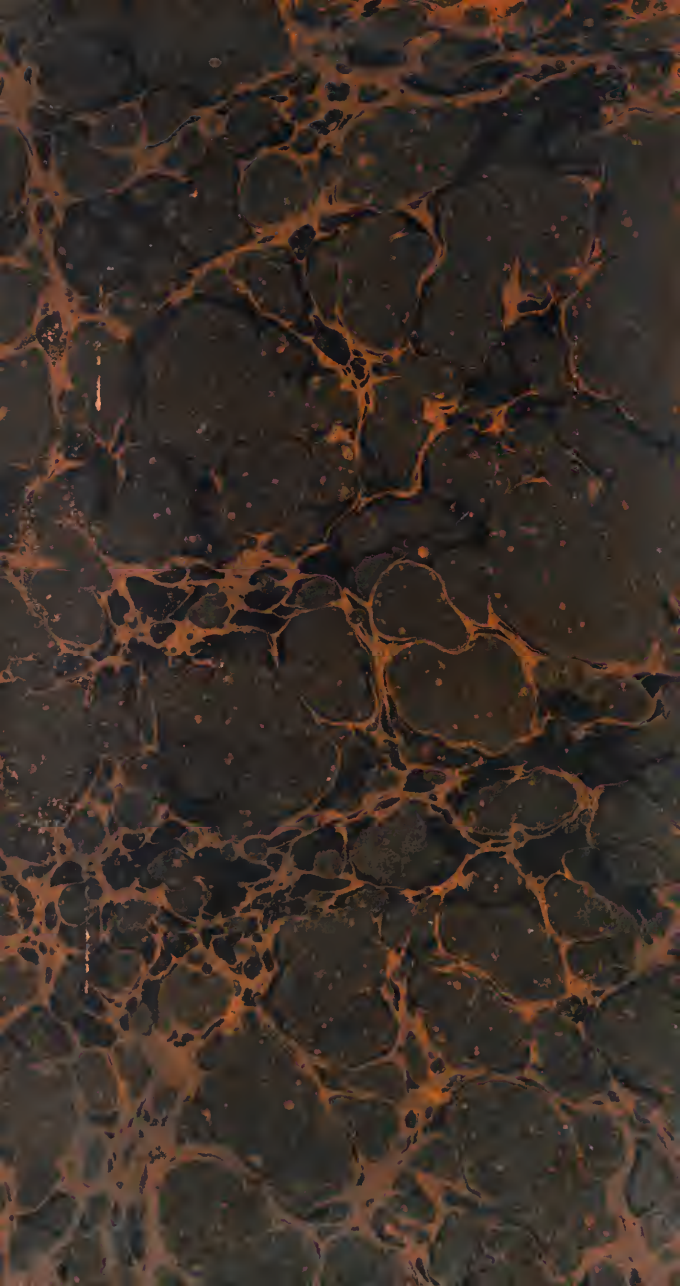

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# Poetical

# RECREATIONS.

VOL. II.

"Dulce est desipere in loco." Hor.

Gay Laughter and Love are the Revels of Reason:
Play the Fool, if you please; but play it in Season.

# POETICAL

# RECREATIONS.

BY

ANTHONY HARRISON.

*A* CLERK *foredoom'd his Father's Soul to cross,*
*Who pens a Stanza, when he should engross.*

POPE.

——With a pleasing sorcery could charm
Care for a while, and Anguish,—and excite
Fallacious Hope, or arm th' obdured breast
With stubborn Patience, as with triple steel.

MILTON.

London:

PRINTED FOR R. FAULDER, NEW-BOND-STREET,

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1806.

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# PANEGYRICAL HEROICAL

# RHAPSODY

ON

# *SNUFF.*

# PANEGYRICAL RHAPSODY, &c.

"Pulverem collegisse juvat."
Hor. Ode I.

WHEN other themes of HUMAN RECREATION,
Shilling and CYDER, mind-bemusing Ale,
And fragrant fumes of thought-suggesting Pipe,
Have known the praise of Poësy Divine,
And been immortaliz'd in grateful song:
'Tis wond'rous strange the comminuted Herb,
Concocted and adusted from the plant
Of fam'd TOBAGO, SNUFF by man yclep'd,
Should not have shar'd the sweet Poetic Strain
It oft, divine, inspires:—Be mine the task,
Tho' far unfit to strike the Shell sublime,

Grateful to pay the long-neglected Debt,
And pour the pleasing homage of my Praise!

Ye MAIDENS chaste, who on the forked Mount
Of proud PARNASSUS sumptuously regale,
And Nectar quaff, attemper'd from thy Spring,
Translucent HELICON,—and, while the bowl
Goes gaily round, your nasals oft refresh
With sweet Ambrosial, Aromatic Dust,
And, in Celestial Colloquy, rehearse
Th' intrigues and curious anecdotal tales
That occupy OLYMPUS,—aid my flight!

But chiefly, thou O MUSE, who erst inspir'd
The splendid song of Cyder-drinking Bard,
Leer on thy Vot'ry, with a gracious eye!
To thee I pour, no griping PIPPIN's Juice,
But large Libations of potential ALE;

And far as Malt exceeds the Apple's strength,
So may my Lay eclipse his high renown !

In further aid of my advent'rous flight,
Come to my nose, O brain-refreshing PINCH,
My great Inspirer, as thou art my Theme !

HAIL, TITILLATING HERB, the choicest gift
From Western Hemisphere, when first explor'd
By gallant Raleigh, gloriously borne
To bless Europa's long-benighted sons,
And rouse their senses, with thy poignant ray !
Not Alexander, with his conqu'ring arms,
E'er reap'd such blessings from the prostrate Ind ;
Hesperian fruit and Jason's golden fleece
Sink into shade before this precious boon !
Not the exploits of Hercules or Cadmus,
Nor all the conquests or of Greece or Rome,

Extended o'er the vainly ravag'd globe,
Could boast th' acquirement of so great a Prize;
Tho' Homer wrote, Demosthenes harangu'd,
Socrates preach'd Philosophy divine,
And Epicurus taught the Joys of life,
Anacreon pour'd the Bacchanalian lay,
And Sappho sang the melting strains of Love;
Vain were their Conquests, Poësy was vain,—
Philosophy and Science wanted aid;
The Statesman dos'd, the Bacchanalian droop'd
In Senate or Symposium, wanting SNUFF
To rouse the sleeping senses into joy.

HAIL, care-dispelling SNUFF, salubrious Dust,
Dispensing Thought and Gaiety to man;
Great Prop of Physic, Poësy, and Law!

When prosing PREACHER from the pulpit pours

Lethèan precepts with a drawling tone,
That tempts the sinking soul to seek the shades
Of drousy Morpheus, with no light disgrace,
And (as the Bee on Hybla's flow'ry mount)
The preacher nods to his own murm'ring drone;
Touch but the nose with energetic SNUFF,
Swift thro' the frame th' electric magic runs;
The sinking eyelids feel a new-born force,
Arous'd Perception strikes th' enfeebled ear;
The nodding AUDIENCE, watchful now, attend
Their Pastor's precepts, with revived thought,
And the rous'd PASTOR strikes a louder key.

When the gall'd CLIENT to his LAWYER tells
His plaintive tale of injury and wrong,
To wind the lab'rinth of the lengthen'd tale,
And listen to its tautologic notes,
Swift to his aid the Counsel calls his Box,

Of use superior to revive his thoughts,
And teach him to explore the winding maze,
Than erst the long unravell'd clue to guide
Th' advent'rous Theseus, thro' the Lab'rinth's gloom.
Before the solemn Sage expounds the Law,
Propounded in abstruse, black-letter'd lore,
Of Bracton, Fleta, Littleton, or Coke,
To fix his doubtful hesitating mind,
And fill the chasm of his vacant thought,
The PINCH, between his thumb and finger held,
And oft appli'd to his begrimed nose,
Pungent suggests th' Oracular Response.

In tedious, wire-drawn, long-protracted suits,
JUDGES and JURIES equal court thy aid!

GALENICUS, with serious sapient face,
Aided by SNUFF, attends his PATIENT's Tale

Thro' all the symptoms of the dubious case,
Takes the cool Pinch,—prognosticates,—prescribes.
The Doctor's nose well fortified with Snuff,
Boldly defies th' effluvia of disease,
Nor more revolts to search the secret stores
Of cedar cabinets, with curious eye,
Than if their *close* recesses balmy breath'd
The perfumes of the lily and the rose.
As great Achilles stalk'd the plains of Troy,
In his invulnerable arms secure;
Under Snuff's shield, physicians pace the streets
Of odorous Edina, poison-proof
And tranquil, as they felt the fragrant gales
Of aromatic Bagdad or Balsora.

When with appalling sounds the *wife* assails
Th' astounded organs of her trembling *mate*,
Where can he fly for aid? To thee, O Snuff,

To thee he anxious flies. Thy cheering balm
Allays the terrors of her threat'ning tongue;
His sense auricular his nasals guard,
And check the fury of the fierce assault,
Inspiring patience and contempt of pain,
Greater than all the proud philosophy
Or Socrates or Tully ever taught.

What refuge can the ANCIENT MAIDEN find,
Now doom'd to pass the remnant of her days
In tasteless paths of stale Virginity,
But in the gladd'ning solace of the Box!

How can the BACHELOR, in years grown old,
Eke out th' insipid relics of his life;
Or e'er sustain a batter'd, propless trunk,
Lost to a Husband's and a Parent's joys,
And all th' endearments of Domestic Life,

But in the fost'ring arms of Comfort-giving SNUFF!

Where are the bands of FELLOWSHIP more knit,
Than in reciprocal exchange of SNUFF!
A pow'rful chain and cement of Society,
That teacheth Man to succour kindred Man!

Art not thou, SNUFF, a balm to my torn mind,
When craz'd with care, unknowing where to turn.
And my soul sickens at her own review!
In thee, I find a firm, unfailing Friend,
To soothe and tranquillize a harass'd spirit,
And give, at least, a respite to my woes!
Thou quick pervad'st the caverns of the Brain,
Searchest its inmost, secret Recesses,
Expell'st or smotherest conflicting Care,
And, if not Comfort, giv'st, at least, Repose!

THEN HAIL, TOBACCO! hail, bewitching SNUFF,
Balm of hurt minds, sweet soother of Despair!
O, still on me thy Inspiration pour,
And shed thy balmy Influence o'er my soul!

# Festive Ode

ON

THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

HORACE, Ode 9. Book I.

" Vides, ut altâ stet nive candidum—"

SEE proud Helvellyn's stormy brow
Is cloth'd with chilling snow;
Dishonour'd hangs the leafless bough,
The rills forget to flow!
Dispel, my friend, the cheerless cold,
With faggots trim the fire!
Now quaff your ale both stout and old!
Around let merry tales be told!
To wake the soul to Joy, and kindle gay Desire.

Tho' angry storms obscure the skies,
And swell the foaming main,
Stern Winter's scowling blast despise
Till Spring returns again!
Regardless whether weal or woe
To-morrow's dawn await,
This hour, convivial joyance know!
Let from the cup libations flow;
Nor heed the future frowns of unrelenting Fate!

O, seize the blissful hour of Love,
Whilst active Youth remains,—
While from the heart gay currents move,
And revel thro' the veins.
Ere Age his snowy flakes has shed
Around your youthful brows,
By you be festive dances led,
By you the social board be spread,
Nor Nature's present joys fastidiously refuse!

Now Night her sable curtain draws,
And now the blooming maid
Will fearless all her love disclose,
Beneath its secret shade ;
The covert, where conceal'd she lies,
Her titt'ring laugh reveals,
And there you snatch the balmy prize,
Her half averted lip denies,
When Night's propitious veil the am'rous theft conceals.

# DECLARATORY LINES

TO

# ANNA.

ANNA'S Plea; THE BARD'S Replication;

AND

ANNA'S Reſoinder.

## DECLARATORY LINES

TO

## *ANNA.*

---

SAY, where does heavenly Beauty lie?
In the bright radiance of an Eye;
In flowing auburn Tresses creep,
Or in a roseate, dimpled Cheek;
On pouting ruby Lips is hung,
Or, in a sweet harmonious Tongue;
Does, round an iv'ry Neck, entwine,
Or, in a graceful Figure, shine?

I cannot Beauty's throne indite,
That pours ineffable delight;

Thus far alone its Empire know,
In charms that taught these strains to flow,
In lovely ANNA all combin'd,
That rule resistless o'er the mind.

*July* 28, 1805.

## ANNA'S Plea.

WHO penn'd those lines, I pr'ythee tell?
A bard in Penrith known right well,
Who writes full many a wicked satire,
And now with Beauty would bespatter
A Woman, who's just well enough,—
One made of the same common stuff,
That you may daily, hourly meet,
In every alley, lane, or street;

And as her sister mortals, she
Possesses, in a like degree,
A little good, a little evil,
And less of the Angel than the Devil.

But where can this *heavenly Beauty lie?*
I'll swear it is not in her Eye;
For hers are grey, or nearly green;
And then the Nose that stands between,
Might pass for any thing as well,
But that it serves her just to smell!

"*Her pouting ruby Lips*,"—that's good!!!
For they have seldom any blood;
And then her "*sweet harmonious Tongue*,"
Her husband swears, is swivel-hung,
And rings such changes night and day,
As drive all peace and rest away.

"*Her iv'ry Neck*" is something tawney,
And, in my mind, too broad and brawny;
Her Hair was "*auburn*" once, 'tis true,
But that was never seen by you;
And now it looks both black and greasy,
But auburn let it be, an't please ye!

Her *Cheek* was also red and white,
But plague a "*Dimple*" e'er did light
Either upon her Cheek or Chin,
Or any place my ken within!

"*Her graceful Figure,*" like the rest,
Is neither bad, nor of the best.

And now, good Bard! I'll make an end;
These pictures shew to any friend,
And ask whose likeness is most just,
This hasty outline or the first!

Why should'st thou deem my Mind so weak,
So prone vile flattery to seek?
So wild in vanity's career,
To yield a willing greedy ear,
To Praise I feel I ne'er could merit,
For Beauties I did ne'er inherit!

No, no, good Bard! I have a glass,
And daily strictures it doth pass;
For, I can dress and moralize,
And see myself with others' eyes;
Can wish my friends may Beauties find,
Less in my Visage than my Mind;
To celebrate poor little PARTON,
For that 's a thing I've set my heart on;
And let it not dishonour'd say,
"The Bard was here, and went away
Without one farewell line to shew
With what regret the Bard did go!"

I'll then forgive the sad disgrace
You've brought upon my Shape and Face,
And help the laurel wreath to twine
Predestin'd for you by the Nine.

*July* 29.

## Replication TO ANNA'S Plea.

WHEN BEAUTY's power the Fair disclaim,
They merit more exalted fame.
Mere Beauty 's but a feeble flower,
The trembling tenant of an hour,
And, tho' in radiant colouring drest,
May shroud in vain, unfeeling breast.

That his first Eulogy was true,
The Bard will strenuously avow :

He owns he wants Poetic Diction,
Devoid of one essential — Fiction ;
Yet, Madam, deem him not so simple
To centre Beauty in a Dimple !
Exterior Charms we soon decry ;
These but entrap the thoughtless eye :
Each Feature shares a double grace,
When Wit illumes a lovely face.
Tho' Inspiration cannot tell
The Charms that in the Mansion dwell,
Yet Intercourse the Soul displays,
Which Gratitude, with Truth, pourtrays ;
And when with pers'nal charms, we find
The sterling Graces of the Mind,
(Of which, beyond Poetic Fiction,
Your late Remarks convey conviction)
Venus and Pallas both unite,
And rule secure from storms and blight.

BEAUTY retains a feeble reign,
'Tis Wit and Worth that clinch the chain!

Yet why so anxious set your heart on
The rocks and sands of sea-beat Parton?
A choak'd-up harbour scourg'd with squalls,
Black smoaky buildings, tott'ring walls;
Where he who walks, with conscience dread,
Still trembling fears a broken head.
I know not truly what to call it;—
The section of a wrought-out coal pit;
Nor ken I what its product lies in,
But Colliers, Smugglers, and Excisemen;
Where all you get to make you frisky,
Is a vile drop of Peat-Reek Whiskey;
And ere you that potation drink,
From the COLLECTOR's frowns you shrink.
I know not what *you* call delightful;
The very name to *me* sounds frightful;

Tho' JULIET calls it "*such sweet sorrow*,"
I'd rather meet again to-morrow.

Forgive me, Ma'am, if I refuse
To prostitute my youngling Muse,
That fain would boast unspotted lays,
Nor undeserving objects praise!
Besides; what is there in a station!
A mere collateral relation?
Whether in DELTA's rich domains,
Or in SIBERIA's barren plains;
In verdant groves of sweet LAUSANNE,
Or in the blust'ring Isle of MANN;
In KESWICK's grand romantic vale;
Or LINCOLNSHIRE, where fogs prevail;—
'Tis not in Place we Comfort find,
But in a calm contented Mind;
'Tis not for local joys I sigh,
But blissful, sweet society.

In vain for ease the world we roam,
Ne'er search for WHERE, but seek with WHOM!
Parton itself no praise can claim;
Its habitants, must give it fame.
In Anna's praise I truly write,
Where Beauty, Sense, and Wit unite.

*In the* COURT *of* APOLLO.

Let a Rejoinder soon be sent
Or yield the Bard the Argument!

*August* 3, 1805. THALIA.

## ANNA'S Rejoinder.

OH! for a head full of Wit,
And Oh! for a grey goose Quill,
That a lively Rejoinder could hit,
And the Poet's expectancy fill!

But alas! I'm a bankrupt in Verse;
Apollo won't favor my Lay,
Nor the "Nine fusty Maids" intersperse
My song with a sprig of the Bay.

Tho' I'm flatter'd beyond my poor strength
In the compliments paid by the Poet,
I cannot hold out to much length,
And 'tis fit that you quickly should know it:
So I e'en strike my flag and submit,
For I see I've no chance in contention,
With one who has such ready Wit,
Such a capital knack at Invention.

And since Parton is in such disgrace,
That the Bard thinks it not worth a Lay;
It must yield to a more favour'd place,
Than can greater Inducements display.

Then long may you flourish your Quill,
And drink the Castalian spring,
Till your fame all Parnassus may fill,
And your verse the Parnassides sing!

Apollo! to the Bard I yield,
And let the Victor keep the field;
His be the sterling Argument,
Mine th' admiring Sentiment!

*August* 4, 1805.

# *PSALM* CXXXVII.

PARAPHRASED:

WITH AN ACCOMPANYING

*SONNET,*

AND

AN EPISTLE BY WAY OF ANNOTATION.

## *PSALM* CXXXVII.

PARAPHRASED.

POOR, ling'ring captives, in a foreign clime,
Pensive we wept on the Euphrates' shore;
Fond memory recall'd a happier time,
And SION's plains, that we must see no more.

Our harps, that once such raptures could bestow,
Then tuneless wav'd, on weeping willows hung;
Those harps, that wont with harmony to flow,
No more we struck, nor heav'nly numbers sung.

The rude despoilers of our Native Land,
Our fetter'd hands to strike the chords requir'd;
The strains of SOLYMA the foe demand,
Strains that the DEITY himself inspir'd!

But how can we, with trembling fingers, dare,
In foreign Climes, to strike the sacred Shell;
Let ears profane the hallow'd Music share,
For Gentiles' scorn, Divine Effusions swell!

Belov'd Jerusalem! thro' ev'ry stage
Of anxious life, I'll still remember thee;
When thou shalt fade from Mem'ry's cherish'd page
Then may my hand refuse to succour me!

When from my heart thy bland endearments stray:
Cleave to my mouth, my vile rebellious tongue!
Ev'n in those moments, when I dare be gay,
Still in my brain be thy rememb'rance hung!

Edom's rapacious and destructive race,
For Sion's sake, O Lord of Hosts, destroy!
The foe has dar'd thy Dwelling to deface;
Blight with thy Arm, the haughty murd'rer's joy

DAUGHTER OF BABYLON! exult not long!
The Woes you perpetrate, you soon shall feel;
Some happier Nation shall revenge our wrong,
And, in thy bosom, plunge the barbed steel!

Happy the man, that shall avengeful tear
Thy trembling infants from the mother's breast;
Then shall you feel the sadness of despair,
Then shall you seek, in vain, for rest.

# SONNET

TO

*ANNA;*

At whose Instance, the preceding Paraphrase was composed.

BY tyrant BEAUTY I am captive led;
In vain I strive to break the silken chain;
But her behests must evermore I dread,
And in my bondage patiently remain.
The steps of SION I disclaim to tread;
OBEDIENCE gives a respite to my pain,
Since smiling Peace is, from my bosom, fled,
I imitate the Syrians' solemn strain.

My trembling Lyre is not on Willows hung;
'Gainst BEAUTY'S THRONE, I dare not to rebel,
Since dire Despair my harass'd heart has stung,
The woes I feel, O! suffer me to tell!

SION, in Grief, her sorrowing Strains could pour;
The Muse may soothe what Death alone can cure.

# NOTE.

*TO ANNA.*

DEAR MADAM,

Although you retire from the Field of Parnassus, I have not the effrontery to sing *Te Deum*, and claim the victory over an opponent who,

"Like Parthia, wounds and conquers as she flies,"

but thank my stars for having escaped, with tolerable Honour, after having dared to encounter so formidable an Antagonist.

This cessation of arms having called to my recollection your mandate to paraphrase the CXXXVIIth Psalm, I invoked the melancholy Maid accordingly; —who, arrayed in Winds and Rain, Storm and Tempests, (which have of late so dismally beclouded our horizon as to inspire the most sanguine mind with mournful contemplation,) dictated to me the

annexed Paraphrase and appendant Sonnet, which I now have the honour to lay at your feet with my wishes that they were more worthy of the requirer.

Believe me,

In veritable prose,

Your very respectful, obedient,

and devoted humble Servant,

*August* 6, 1805. A. H.

# PROLOGUE

AND

# SOLILOQUY

*ON THE OPENING OF THE NEW THEATRE,*

IN

CUPID-SQUARE, PENRITH.

# OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE

*For the Opening of*

## THE NEW THEATRE,

(FORMERLY A COCK-PIT)

IN CUPID-SQUARE, PENRITH.

---

Pardon, gentles all,
The flat, unraised Spirit that hath dar'd,
On this unworthy Scaffold to bring forth
So great an Object: can this COCK-PIT hold
The vasty Field of France? &c.

SHAKESPEARE; Prologue to Hen. V.

---

MANKIND of old, with Mercy not endu'd,
Fiercely indulg'd in Recreations rude;
Chain'd to a stake, the rugged BEAR they tore,
Whilst shouting crowds each dismal groan encore.

Next, the bold BULL, dragg'd from his pleasant bourn,
(His lowing cow-mates left, his fate to mourn)

Tied to a ring, retrac'd his dismal round,
Toss'd his fierce foes, and render'd wound for wound.

To FEATHER'D BIPEDS next, the Sport extends,
And, in a Civil War, their Being ends:
For Combat arm'd, they court the fatal Strife,
And fight, at once, for Glory and for Life.
Their Conflicts fierce the unfledg'd Brutes engage,
Who now with rapture burn, and now with rage;
With loud Applause now make a hideous Din,
Now drown their Loss in Blasphemy and Gin.

Such scenes no more this hallow'd ground profane,
Whose Walls now blush in mem'ry of the stain;
Walls now devoted to a nobler use,
That of Thalia and the weeping Muse;—
No longer shall loud shouts this roof assail,
When *Pilcy's* fate, or *Ginger's* turns the scale;

No longer shall be roar'd, with wild acclaim,
That DENNISON's or MILBURN's is the game,
And gen'rous Birds, on this *Arena*, bleed,
Whether of NOBLE's or of BAILEY's breed.
Here shall our future hopes and fears engross
The Troops of Thespis, Myrmidons of Moss,
Who, with Dramatic Fame, or Drink, inspir'd,
With doing Nothing, or with Labour, tir'd,
Here shall rehearse their mimic Passions o'er,
Now laugh, in RANGER, and now mourn, in SHORE;
Ambition's stings and am'rous conflicts prove,
Now storm, in Anger, and now melt, in Love.
Here, pointless daggers give nor wound nor pain;
Our paper bullets will not pierce the brain;
Tho' DESDEMONA die, and you bewail,
The MOOR won't hurt—*a feather in her tail;*
Tho' fierce with rage, GREAT ALEXANDER foam,
Fear not for CLYTUS! he'll not crack his *comb;*

If on this sod your fav'rite Hero 's slain
By your applause he'll soon revive again,
And you may smile, when the dread tale is told
To HOTSPUR's Sire, "*young Harry's Spur is cold.*"
If there we still preserve a spacious PIT,
'Tis not where Cocks, but keen-ey'd Critics sit,
Arm'd with (our dread !) the silver spurs of wit,
Spurs sure to make the most undaunted feel,
As "*One i'th' Head's worth many in the Heel:*"
There with sharp Satire, you our feats decry,
When here we *strut*, *crow*, *flutter*, *fight*, and *die*.

Perhaps ere long, these humble boards may raise
Some lisping ROSCIUS, for the Nation's praise;
Whose Powers Dramatic, PENRITH may proclaim,
And far around her BEACON, spread his fame;
Then will the Founder's lib'ral hand be prais'd,
Who this NEW DRURY, for his Country rais'd;

Who of a COCK-PIT chang'd the crimson'd sod,
Not to a HOUSE (for one was near) of GOD,
But to a tasteful, care-dispelling House,
Sacred to Laughter and the Tragic Muse.

Such Sports, as from inhuman sources flow
From Bulls that bellow, and from Cocks that crow,
Your feeling hearts will ever disapprove,
True to the touch of THESPIS, WIT, and LOVE.

# Soliloquy

OF THE

PROPRIETOR OF THE AIR-BUILT THEATRE,

IN CUPID-SQUARE, PENRITH.

---

TO build, or not to build; That is the question:
Whether 'tis more my interest to suffer
The noise and uproar of a barb'rous COCK-PIT,
Or to subvert the execrated nuisance,
And, in a Play-house, end it? Pull down—to build
No more,—and by that pull, to say, I end
The heart-ache, and the thousand baneful ills
Cock-fighting's heir to.—'Tis a demolition
Devoutly to be wish'd:—pull down—to build,
To build? Perchance to loss; aye there's the rub,
For when the DRURY's rais'd, what cost may come,
From the subversion of my crazy Cock-pit,

Must give me pause.——That's the reflection,
That makes me hesitate so long to build;
For who would bear a Cock-pit's horrid clamour,
Old Moss's Loss, and Elwood's urgent Instance,
The Frown of Hutton, and the Laugh of Monk-
house,
Harrison's Gibes, and the dire Disappointment
Of every Lover of delightful Drama;
When I, at once, might all their wishes grant,
With stone and mortar? Who would fear to build,
And shrink and tremble, in old batter'd houses,
But that the dread of Architects' long Bills,
Those dreadful Bills, which coolest Calculation
Can ne'er anticipate) puzzles the Will,
And makes us rather bear old batter'd Buildings,
Than others raise whose cost we know not of.—
Thus Architects make cowards of us all,
And thus the noble wish for Splendid Structures

Is clouded o'er, with the dark gloom of Payment ;
And Superstructures of great Use and Beauty,
From this reflection, never are begun,
But end — an empty name.

THE above Prologue and Soliloquy must be understood, as they were composed, merely as the effusions of flippant *badinage*. —— Although a Theatre for the *animal bipes implume* to "strut his hour in," is moral, wise, and judicious, compared to a savage slaughter-house for the feathered heroes above contrasted with it; yet the Author is ready to allow that, abstractedly speaking, many more eligible Edifices than even a Little Drury, might, in a small Provincial Town, be selected to occupy the Scite of the prostrate *Gallic* Theatre.

# The Petition

*OF THE TOWN OF PENRITH,*

TO

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

THE plaints of Penrith, with indulgent ear,
Deign, O most Noble Devonshire, to hear!

MAY it please my Lord Duke
To benignantly look
At your SHAMBLES with moss overgrown;
And your Grace must declare,
We will venture to swear,
They 're a shame and disgrace to the Town.

Your ancient MOOT-HALL
Is a Cobler's Stall;
And as for the Time-eaten CROSS,
No old woman that begs,
Dare therein trust her Eggs,—
Graceless boys only there pitch and toss!

We your Grace then implore
(Do not deem it a bore !)
To attend your Petitioners' Case,
And, for Money or Love,
The vile Nuisance remove,
And raise something smart in the place.

Do but graciously grant
The Boon that we want :
And for ever, by night and by day,
He who seeth or heareth,
In your old Town of Penrith,
For your Grace, as in duty, will pray.

To meet the gracious Eye of Devonshire,
These presents, with humility, aspire.

# LINES

## ADDRESSED TO W. C. ESQ.

ON LEAVING

GREETA-BANK, LATE WINDY-BROW.

" Quod petis hìc est:
" Est Ulubris; animus si te non deficit æquus." HOR.

NEAR to KESWICK's sweet Vale and DERWENT's
fam'd Lake,
Where Poets and Painters such pleasure can take,—
But where Nature sublime hath such Beauties display'd,
As can ne'er be by Pen or by Pencil pourtray'd,—
Stands a Mansion—to which, using epithets true,
Men formerly gave the rude name, WINDY BROW;
But we, who can't boisterous epithets bear,
Choosing terms more melodiously meeting the ear,
Change the blust'ring *prænomen* it formerly bore,
To the murmuring River's that washes its shore.

The GREETA yclep'd; and the name of the BROW,
(A low'ring and threat'ning term you'll allow,)
Is smooth'd down to another, tho' lower in rank,
The gentle and pastoral name of the BANK.

There, free from all sorrow, vexation, and strife,
Resides WILLIAM the Farmer, with MARY his Wife;
Who no cares of Ambition or Poverty fears,
But contentedly Children, and—Cabbages rears;
For the happiest condition that mortals can find,
In the FATHER and FARMER is surely combin'd:
Tho' the Tempest may howl, and the Torrent may pour,
Don't complain if 'tis only—Outside of the Door!
Tho' the Light'ning may flash, and make horrible din,
N'importe—so you've Joy and Good-humour—within!
Tho', from summit to centre, old SKIDDAW be rent,
'Tis a trifle compar'd to—a Mind discontent.
Proceed, my good friend, both with honour and ease,
The dread Office to serve of—a JUSTICE OF PEACE:

And, to Vagabonds, Pilf'rers, and Reprobates, teach,
What dire pains await Orchards', or—Chastity's breach:
But ne'er may you feel the sad sorrows that flow,
On your Friend, who was doom'd to be lost in the Law;
Oh! ne'er may you suffer the Horrors and Pains,
That have maul'd my poor Carcase, and batter'd my Brains,
And Frolic and Fun, Health and Happiness turn'd
Into shame and Disgrace, that must ever be mourn'd:—
Nor need I vouch other strange symptoms to shew it,
When reduc'd to the reprobate rank of a POET;
Therefore do not, I pray you, uncourteous refuse
The unmusical strains of my hobbling Muse;
'Tis well even Verse from a Man to receive,
When 'tis all the unfortunate Devil can give;
Who, not on your patience to trespass too long,
Now brings to a close both his VISIT and SONG.

# PENITENCE AND PURITY.

## *A TALE.*

" Let the gall'd jade wince, our withers are unrung."

HAMLET.

ONCE in a Convent this befel,—
But when or where no need to tell!
From Dan FONTAINE I take the story,
That now I humbly lay before ye:
And Dates and Place to give in Rhyme,
Is merely idle waste of time;
'Tis best not on Details to enter,
But boldly dash into the centre.

A NUN, who once had made a slip,
Which put her somewhat on the hip,

(In truth, had been by Man beguil'd,
And borne a lusty, blooming Child,)
Was always weeping, fasting, praying,
And every joy of life gainsaying;
Whilst her wild sisters, at the grate,
Did nought but giggle, flirt, and prate;
Were romping, ogling, singing, dancing,
And at each gay Gallant were glancing:
This put the ABBESS in a flame,
Who cried, "Tis sure a mortal shame,
"Ye thus your hours so idly waste,
"And of such dang'rous pleasures taste;—
"Of wantonness subdue the seeds;
"Weep, fast and pray, and count your beads:
"Behold, ye have instruction ample
"In sister GRACE's strict example;
"Like her, be penitent, contrite,
"And of Gallants avoid the sight!"

Then smart replied the young NANNETTE,
A handsome, giggling, gay coquette,
Who 'd just on her noviciate enter'd,
And ne'er on serious sins had ventur'd;
" Dear Abbess, 'twill be ample time
" All mirth and frolic to decline;
" Like sister Grace to wail and weep,
" And close within our cells to keep;
" Strictly each dear Delight to smother,—
" When we, like her, have play'd the MOTHER."

# Sylvia's Fall.

A

MORAL AND INSTRUCTIVE TALE,

FOR

THE LADIES.

# SYLVIA'S FALL.

## A MORAL AND INSTRUCTIVE TALE,

## FOR THE LADIES.

---

" The Poet's Eye, in a fine phrenzy rolling,
" Doth glance from Heaven to Earth, from Earth to Heaven,
" And, as IMAGINATION bodies forth
" The forms of THINGS UNKNOWN, the Poet's Pen
" Turns them to SHAPE, and gives to airy nothing
" A local Habitation and a Name."

SHAKESPEARE.

---

O Mournful Muse, come to my aid;
In sadness, I thee call!
My Powers are weak, I'm sore afraid
To sing sweet SYLVIA's Fall.

The Fair a-shooting deign'd to go,
To slay the Partridge brood;
The fierce Campaign was fraught with woe,
Which, drown'd in tears, she rued.

Ah! why should tender Maid, I pray,
Love Shooting? tell me why?
A Maid, who haughty Man can slay,
Shot by her beaming Eye!

Soft Sympathy she ought to have,
Congenial Woes to scan,
And strive the trembling Bird to save,
From that Sharp-shooter,—MAN.

Two other Nymphs attend the FAIR;
The Groupe a Poet traces,
In Beauty, lovely Mein, and Air,
Co-rivals of the GRACES;

For furthermore, the Nymphs would take
A POET in their train,
To traverse o'er the Burn and Brake,
And sing the Numbers Slain.

In climbing of a rugged Hedge,
Fair Sylvia's Limbs did trip,
And souse she fell into the Sedge,—
O what a woeful Slip!

O, what a neat and taper Leg
Was then expos'd to sight!
Ten Miles to see't I'd walk and beg,
And deem the Labour light.

Amaz'd, agape the Poet stood,
In Rapture and Surprise;
Nor help the prostrate Maiden could,
Close fasten'd by—his Eyes.

So gaz'd the happy PHRYGIAN BOY,
With Love, Surprise, and Awe,
When, Umpire for the golden Toy,
Three Goddesses he saw.

So esrt, with Love enrapt, inspir'd,
PYGMALION trembling stood ;—
A Marble Form his bosom fir'd,
But this was — Flesh and Blood.

So ftar'd, as Heathen Tales relate,
The hapless Youth ACTÆON ;—
Less luckless was our Poet's fate,
No Horns his head I see on.

His Legs, that wont, with pliant speed,
For Ladies' Love to lout,
Desert him, in the Hour of Need,
And scorn to budge a Foot.

Full minutes five * the Maiden lay
Extended on the Plain ;
And, had she lain until to-day.
He still had gaz'd amain.

* " By Shrewsbury clock."

Nor Gallants here, with envious spite,
The eye-struck Poet blame;—
Had you beheld the charming Sight,
You might have done the same!

The very Dogs forgot to range,—
Trip, Carlo, Blanche, and Bet;
And what 's most wond'rous odd and strange,
At Sylvia made — a Set.

But haply, in the Field, was found
A Wight to end the Strife,
Who bore the Maiden from the Ground,
For why? — he had a Wife.

## MORAL.

Ye Fair ones all, I pray, beware,
Whene'er you go a-shooting,
That you yourselves avoid the Snare,
And careful heed your Footing.
Too true the Maxim of the Schools,
Taught by the learned Lubbers :—
The Nymph who dares to play at Bowls,
Must meet with many Rubbers.

Or, if to take the field you dare,
This Caution take eftsoons :
To 'scape a wicked Poet's Stare,
O, sport in — PANTALOONS!

Swift as the Wind my Stanzas fly
To meet the lovely SYLVIA's Eye.

# *ADMONITORY LINES*

TO

MAJOR B——M,

ON HIS DRIVING FOUR LADIES IN HIS JAUNTING CAR.

WITH

## B—m's Downfall;

*A Moral and Instructive Tale for the Gentlemen.*

## ADMONITORY LINES

## ADDRESSED TO MAJOR B——M,

*On his driving Four Ladies in his jaunting Car.*

---

TO drive the Sun when PHÆTON dar'd,
By wild Ambition fir'd,
The due reward his rashness shar'd,—
In Flames the Youth expir'd.

Th' advent'rous Boy's unhappy Fate
Beware, O Major B—m;
Daring to drive four Suns elate,
You may partake his Doom.

# The Downfall of B——m;

A MORAL AND INSTRUCTIVE TALE

*FOR THE GENTLEMEN.*

" Felix, quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum."

" Learn to be wise by others' harm,
" And you shall do full well."—
Old Ballad of the LADY'S FALL.

SOME sing of the Fall of the Pope and the Devil,
And some of the Downfall of Rome;
But I should be sullenly, mute and uncivil
Not to sing of the Downfall of B—m.

All giggish and gallant, he drives out of Pe'rith,
Escorting sweet Beauty and Bloom;
Gladsome, gay, and elate as a hero he steereth :—
But beware of a Trip, Major B—m!

The Witches, 'tis said, ride aloft in the Air,
And in Tempests and Whirldwinds fume ;—
But no Lancashire Witches can ever compare
To the Witches escorted by B—m !

Too proud of his place, he proceeds in his course,
Rejoicing like any Bridegroom ;—
The higher you soar, the more sad the reverse,
Of Destruction remember the B—m !

Of Heroes unhappy consider the Fate,
Who the Reins of Ambition assume ;
Let Maximin, Minos, and Pompey the Great,
Learn *major* Precaution to B—m !

The Fate of the Daring, attentive peruse,
In the pages of Gibbon and Hume ;—
Let golden Experience Precaution infuse,
Nor hang up for others the B—m !

To-day on the Wings of Ambition we rise,
To-morrow we sink in the Tomb;
When no Oak can with safety the Tempest despise,
Say why should the delicate B—m?

Even now, I forebode, some disaster is near
To spring from Calamity's Womb;
Then, O! with precaution pursue your Career,
Or an Elegy weeps for the B—m!

Ah! who will the Counsels of Wisdom attend,
When Vanity raises her Plume!
Regardless she heeds the Advice of a Friend;
Her Dust blinds the Eye of the B—m.

To my Caution, alas! he disdaineth to hear,
No Spark will his Bosom illume;
To the Voice of the Charmer he turns a deaf ear,
And vainly I preach to the B—m.

Shall a Grain of Experience more Prudence impart,
Than of Precepts a Bushel or Coomb!
The former strikes home to the Head and the Heart,
But the latter ne'er sticks to the B—m.

Destruction must ever Imprudence succeed,
As true as the Stern to the Boom;
Fate summons—none succour, in Peril and Need,
And blights the sweet Bud of the B—m.

In dashing along thro' a rugged straight Lane,
Unmindful of Phäeton's Doom,
He heedless neglects both the Whip and the Rein;
'Tis Beauty bewitches the B—m.

The Stump of a Tree lies athwart in the Way,
And gives to his Gig little Room;
From the Pathway, alas! he adventures to stray,
And the Kennel is swept by the B—m.

The Ladies they squall'd, and the Major he swore ;
All his Joy is beclouded with Gloom ;
For Maidens endanger'd will never trust more,
To the dang'rous Brush of the B—m.

He now is a *Minor*, who once was a *Major*,
The dire Fates snap his Thread in the loom ;
Ye Damsels, for driving, O, trust to a sager,
And beware of a Gig and of B—m ! !

THE

# Barkhouse-Beck Leap;

*AN EPIC POEM.*

# THE BARKHOUSE-BECK LEAP;

## An Epic Poem,

IN TWENTY-FOUR STANZAS.

" Vixêre Fortes ante Agamemnona,
" Multi; sed omnes illacrimabiles
" Urgentur ignotique longâ nocte,
" Carent quia Vate sacro." HOR.

1

O, Come, my Muse, unto my aid,
Or else I can't put on,
To sing a weighty Wager laid
By Chancellor HUTTON.

2

With a stout Vet'ran of Renown,
In LEATH WARD's Company,
A Tanner eke in Penrith Town,
And 'Squire of high Degree.

3

To one he laid full Jorums ten
Of Tommy Hudson's Ale,—
(That sparkling Ale, full well I ken,
Does now inspire my Tale,)—

4

That there was not in Penrith all
For to be found, a man,
Or young or old, or short or tall,
That ever walk'd or ran,—

5

Who could, at hazard of his Neck,
At single standing Leap,
Bound o'er the frightful Barkhouse-Beck,
A place both broad and deep.

6

A Leap it was, four Yards and more,
Across the Deep Profound;
Where he who fails in leaping o'er,
May, well I ween, be drown'd.

7

And few there are so stout and brave,
Two Risks, at once, to try;
A man perchance his Neck may save,
Yet drowned he may die.

8

Then loud proclaim'd the Martial 'Squire,
In voice both loud and clear,
" O, where 's the Lad, for Love or Hire,
" To bravely win the Beer!"

9

On that, uprose a lusty Wight,
They call him GEORGE TYSON,
A Youth of Strength and Courage bright,
And boldly he cries " DONE."

10

And then he to his Captain bows,
And says, " O, never fear,
" Much rather I my life will lose,
" Than you shall lose—your Beer."

11

The 'Squire then loudly laugh'd amain,
The Chancel'r quak'd for fear;
For why? one wot that he should gain,
The other lose—the Beer.'

12

To th' Barkhouse-Beck, with ardent pace,
The gallant Tyson strode,
But first the 'Squire, his Nerves to brace,
A hearty Dram bestow'd.

13

O, that I had of Ale a Quart
To raise my lowly Lay!
For weak is my Poetic Art,
Such prowess to display;

14

For here is told no Story stale,
Or dull Poetic Lie!
The Poet, now who tells the Tale,
Did see it with his Eye.

15

George Tyson he now doffs his Coat,
And shews his manly Thigh;—
Of MAIDEN fair the LOVE he sought,
Who dwells in street hard by.

16

Ah! little weets that tender Maid,
What risks her Love assail;—
To lose her Swain she 's more afraid,
Than th' Squire to lose—his Ale!

17

He coolly takes into his hands
Two round and heavy stones;
He hears his Captain's dread Commands.
And heeds no broken Bones.

18

Now firm he stands upon the Brink,
His arms move to and fro',
And now he cries, " Or swim or sink,
" My Lads, see here I go!"

19

Some tell of nimble bounding Deer,
And Stag of Hart-Leap-Well * :
But of all Leaps, both far and near,
The greatest Leap I tell.

20

He springs, like any bouncing Ball,
Or as the fiercest Pard,
And over Beck and Garden-Wall,
He leaps—above a yard.

21

Of all the Jumpers in all Climes,
That Rhymes, or Hist'ries tell,
In Ancient or in Modern Times,
George Tyson bears the Bell.

22

And now, my boys, our Ale let 's quaff,
Our ALE both stout and clear ;
O'er it we now may sing and laugh,
Nor any Danger fear.

* See Mr. Wordsworth's Poem of Hartleap-Well.

23

O, what has not good Ale perform'd
In Poetry or Might!
For Ale, he ev'ry Danger scorn'd;
For sparkling Ale, I write.

24

And now long live GREAT GEORGE OUR KING!
Our PRESIDENT also!
And long may I remain to sing,
And HUDSON's Ale to flow!

# SONGS.

THE

# CUMBERLAND LOYAL LEATH WARD VOLUNTEERS.

" Cedat toga armis." CICERO reversed.

Ye Tradesmen all, shut up your shops;
Cease, scribbling Clerks, to write;
Squires, Farmers, all now leave your crops,
Base Buonapart to fight.

TUNE—" *The King and old England for ever.*"

SINCE Drinking and Fighting the National Trade is,
And each Briton is now mounting Guard,
In Defence of his King, his dear Land, and the Ladies,
Drink about to the LOYAL LEATH WARD.
Then a fig for Iberia, Batavia, and France,
Led by recreant, base Buonapart;
Should his Myrmidons come, we will lead 'em a Dance,
That will soon make 'em sick at the Heart.

CHORUS.

*Since Drinking and Fighting the National Trade is,*
*And each Briton is now mounting Guard,*
*In Defence of his King, his dear Land and the Ladies,*
*Drink about to the* LOYAL LEATH WARD.

The old Soldier DE WHELPDALE will lead off the Ball,
And PARKIN will cover the Rear,
And if more of the *Staff* to our aid I must call,
*Hark to* HASELL, *hark forward*, don't fear.
The *Veteran* HINDSON, tho' *young* at this *Trade*,
The first Company steadily guides;
He, who ne'er in Manœuv'ring an Error has made,
Will gallantly *lather their hides.*
*Since Drinking, &c.*

For *lacing their Jackets and trimming their Coats,*
None so proper as JAMES we perceive;
And all must allow, they will lower their *Notes,*
When once they 're approaching to GRIEVE.

Fill'd with gen'rous old *Ale*, both potent and good,
Stout HARRISON boldly commands;
And BUCHANAN will rouse all his Ancestors' *Bluid*,
To free us from Corsican Bands.

*Since Drinking, &c.*

Gallant RICHARDSON, WALMESLEY, and MONKHOUSE, in Fight,
*Ardent Spirits* thro' all will diffuse;
And LEE, LAIDMAN, and POWLEY, like *Treacle* unite,
Nor to *pepper* the Frenchmen refuse.
Soon as Adjutant ROBINSON marshalls our Band,
CARMALT his *Hair* Triggers will try;
Great ROBSON will strike with an *Iron* Hand,
Then like JAMESON's *Shuttles* they'll fly,

*Since Drinking, &c.*

If in landing no *Quare Impédit* they find,
A *Ca. Sa.* shall be *fil'd* by ELLWOOD,
And SOULBY their Winding *Sheets* closely shall *bind*,
*Imprinted* in *Letters* of Blood.

But to name the brave Men who this Legion compose,
'Tis in vain my wild Notes to prolong;
Before I can half of their Merits disclose,
My Life must conclude with my Song.

*Since Drinking, &c.*

But "Halt"—"to the Right about, face"—again—
"Dress"—
For I shou'd be never encor'd,
Neglecting the Thanks of the Corps to express
To Brigadier-General ORDE!
And now to conclude, I will give you a Toaſt—
"*May our Fleets be for ever well tarr'd,*
"*And if Frenchmen should land, may Posterity boast*
"*Of the Prowess of* LOYAL LEATH WARD!"

*Since Drinking, &c.*

# Permanent Duty.

## A SONG.

Tune—*Ad Libitum.*—

WHEN the Breast of the BRITON with Energy glows,
In Defence of his King, his Religion, and Laws,—
Of Property, Freedom, and Beauty,
He handles his Arms, without any delay;
Disdains at his home any longer to stay,
Volunteering on — *Permanent Duty.*

Though the Rain may in Torrents with *Permanence* fall,
And rough Roads and long Journeys his footsteps may gall,
He never complains, " O Sir, *pluit-il?*"
But dashes along, thro' the Mud and the Mire;—
For no Cold can subdue the Heart, glowing with Fire,
Proceeding on — *Permanent Duty.*

A fair Maid, on his march, if he happily meets,
With an ardent Embrace, he her instantly greets;
Cries, "My Dear, I will ever be true t'ye;
"At the high calls of Honour, of Beauty, and Love,
"Your Soldier inconstant, O, never can prove,
"For he is on — *Permanent Duty.*"

Around the gay Board, when we push the brisk Bowl,
To open, enliven, and cherish the Soul,
Ne'er dread to be sick or be gouty;
Legs never can stumble, nor Heads ever ake,
But ever are active and always awake,
When they are on — *Permanent Duty.*

As you, gallant Soldiers, commanded a Stave,
To record the Exploits of the Stout and the Brave;
I hope that my Sonnet may suit ye:
But should I any further my Warbling prolong,
You may curse both the Poet, the Singer, and Song,
And be tir'd of his — *Permanent Duty.*

But "*Attention!*" I ought, O my Country's Prime
Boast,
From the Duty I owe, to deliver a Toast;
Before my young Muse makes her Bow t' ye;
"*May Britannia in Permanence, rule o'er the Wave;*
"*Her Sons be just, pious, benignant, and brave,*
"*Still, for Freedom, on Permanent Duty!*"

# A Pacific Song;

COMPOSED

## ON THE PEACE OF AMIENS.

A Parody of the ancient Martial Song of "Hail, England, "Old England;" and to the same Tune.

---

HAIL, ENGLAND, OLD ENGLAND, for Glory renown'd,
In Arts as in Arms so transcendently crown'd!
Now Honour admits, War's red Faulchion resign
And invoke, lovely Concord, thy Influence divine!
Then rest, O ye brave; sheath the Sword, drop the Lance;
And no more let your Cannon roll Thunder to France.

CHORUS.

*Huzza, Huzza, Huzza, O ye Britons; your pastime pursue:*
*For again rosy Peace spreads the Banquet for you.*

Britannia rejoic'd, your achievements to hear:
My Sons, you 've well fought! now let War disappear;
Let the Heroes of France and of Britain combine,
And, dividing the Laurel, the Olive entwine.
And accurs'd be the Fiend who shall impiously dare,
From their tranquilliz'd Brows the blest Garland to tear.

*Huzza*, &c.

Hark! Truth cries, "Be Friends;" Notes of Concord prevail;
No more shall the World in Distraction bewail;—
Two great Nations unite in blest Amity's Band,
And Peace, Plenty, and Love shall revisit the Land.
Then cordially join, whilst with Transport we sing,
Fair Freedom is ours, and may GOD BLESS THE KING!

*Huzza*, &c.

# A Cheerful Song:

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO ALL HIS BROTHER COMPOTATORS.

*By Bibo De l'Esprit.*

" A tempting stream, with one small Drop to lose
" In sweet Forgetfulness, all Pain and Woe,"
I sing. MILTON.

Tune—" *Abraham Newland.*"

LIST, ye feeble and strong,
To a *spirited* Song,
To instruct and encourage the Hearer!
The mild Empire of Ale
Shall no longer prevail,
But give place to the powerful CHEERER*,
O redoutable Cheerer, potent, invincible Cheerer:
Gallant heroes so stout,
Tho' unwilling to lout,
Bow their heads to the conquering Cheerer.

* In many Towns in the North, a Glass of Spirits and Water is distinguished by the honourable and emphatic Title of a *Cheerer*.

The faint Bud of the Rose,
That partially glows,
In gay Youth, on the Cheek of the Wearer,
Is a transient Flow'r,
That fades in an hour,—
Not the permanent Paint of a Cheerer.
O Vermillion Cheerer; radiant rubicond Cheerer!
The best Bloom that we seek
For the Nose or the Cheek,
Is the radical Rouge of a Cheerer!

Taylor, Brodum, and Ching,
All may hang in a string;
* *Simple* Solomon's Physic is dearer:
Bolus, Potion, or Pill,
Not so neatly can kill,
As the seductive Draught of a Cheerer.
O medicinal Cheerer! composing Anodyne Cheerer!
To drown Sorrow and Strife,
Take the Liquor of Life!—
No Prescription so good as a Cheerer!

* Be careful not to read Solomon the Sage.

By the Draught, we remove
The Vexations of Love;
Laugh at CUPID.—and VENUS, ne'er fear her,
His dread Bow is unstrung,—
And the Goddess undone,
Struck by BACCHUS, disguis'd in a Cheerer.
O relaxing Cheerer; somniferous, soothing Cheerer!
We ne'er dream of a Wife,
Squalling Children and Strife,
Sweetly lock'd in the arms of a Cheerer!

To relieve the poor WIFE
From the Plague of her Life,
A vile HUSBAND to vex and to jeer her,
This benevolent God,
Lays her spouse in the Sod,
Controll'd by the charms of a Cheerer!
O lethiferous Cheerer; compassionate, charming
Cheerer!
To console Wife or Heir,
Law nor Physic compare
With the bountiful Balm of a Cheerer!

Drink about, and commend
Our best Solace and Friend!
Be convinc'd that no Case can be clearer,
That Rum, Brandy, and Gin
Ev'ry Blessing is in,
When assuming the shape of a Cheerer!
O bewitching Cheerer; consoling, comforting Cheerer!
When Libations we pour,
Pain and Sorrow we cure;
No Sword, Pistol, or Pill, like a Cheerer!

Published in the Cumberland
Pacquet, Oct. 8, 1805.

TO THE

## *EDITOR OF THE CUMBERLAND PACQUET.*

I AM astonished, Mr. Editor, how your sober judgement,

" With wisdom sound, and unrepenting Choice *,"

came to be so grossly imposed upon as to give a *birth*, in your Pacquet of yesterday, to a *spiritless* composition, ironically intitled a *cheerful* Song.—For my part, I suspect that when you suffered yourself to be so shamefully *captured*, you were, like *Palinurus*, nodding at the helm, and the malignant Pirate artfully stole in upon your slumbers.—Since I swallowed the baneful infusion, my *ardent Spirits* have entirely *evaporated*, and I am now left *cheerless*, disconsolate, and disanimated.—

* The motto of the paper.

" Not Brandy, Rum, nor Gin,
" Nor the best-flavour'd Whisky of the World,
" Shall ever med'cine me to that sweet Sleep
" Which I knew yesterday ;"—

that is, before I took your *anticheering* draught.

Take as an Anodyne, however, the subjoined Cerevisial Draught; which may haply operate as an Alterative, and expel the indirect Debility and Nausea which that execrable Potion you unwittingly drenched us with, has so unfortunately induced.

By following my Prescription, it is yet in your power to redeem the Character of your Vessel, and expiate in some degree for the mischief you have unhappily occasioned to

Your dispirited Reader,

*October* 9, 1805. PHILALEUTHES.

## A HALEFUL

## (ALIÀS AN ALEFUL)

# Song.

" Nulla placere diu nec vivere Carmina possunt,
" Quæ scribuntur Aquæ Potoribus." HOR.

The Bards, who simple Water drink,
In cold Oblivion's ocean sink :—
To live—with Ale dilute your Ink !

Tune—*Ad Libitum,*

THO' Poets may boast of their Hill of PARNASSUS,
And the Virtues proclaim of its HELICON Spring;
Its biforked Top, lofty SKIDDAW surpasses;
And good ALE more sublime Inspiration can bring.

CHORUS.

*For the choicest Productions of Nature and Art,*
*Are—A cup of good Ale and the Girl of the Heart.*

The Miss Muses they're pleas'd to intitle Divine,
Are, believe me, a parcel of wrinkled old Witches;
From the Lives of the Cat, they were nicknam'd the Nine;
And Snuff, Scandal, and Gin are the whole of their riches.

*For the choicest*, &c.

Apollo the Fidler, the Quack, and the Beau,
Was never by one of those Maidens preferr'd:
And to Daphne, and Damsels who what is what know,
All his Fiddling avail'd not;—he wanted a beard.

*For the choicest*, &c.

The Pegasus Poney they keep in their Stable,
Tho' formerly thought a respectable Hack,
The Moderns all deem quite to travel unable,
And therefore disdain e'er to come on his back.

*For the choicest*, &c.

The best Nostrum Poetical Strains to inspire,
Is the BARLEYCORN's Juice, with the Lip of the Lass:—
In the first are imbibed, Wit, Spirit, and Fire;
And the second will ever give zest to the Glass.

*For the choicest*, &c.

Of AMBROSIA and NECTAR to taste I disdain;
They 're insipid, compar'd to HUDSONIAN* Ale:
And no HEBE can ever co-rival sweet JANE,
Who hands the blest Goblet in which I regale.

*For the choicest Productions of Nature and Art,*
*Are—A cup of good Ale and the Girl of the Heart.*

---

* Hudson's — the Poet's *Symposium.*

TO

# *NEÆRA,*

ON HER INCONSTANCY.

HOR. Epode 15.

"Nox erat, et Cœlo fulgebat Luna sereno."

'TWAS Night; in silent Majesty, the Moon
Wheel'd her pale Orb along the Star-clad Heaven,
When Vows of Truth,—ah, Vows forgotten soon!
By me prescrib'd, by you were freely given.

When round my neck your Iv'ry Arms entwin'd,
As the fond Ivy grasps the Mountain-Oak;
'Twas then you vow'd to be for ever kind,
And thus your Love in tender Accents spoke:

" Whilst prowling Wolves shall fright the Shepherd's
Fold;
" Whilst raging Winds shall agitate the Sea;
" Whilst radiant Phœbus shall dispel the Cold;—
" So long, my Horace, I'll be true to thee!"—

Yet you, NEÆRA, shall your falsehood mourn;
With manly Pride, I'll scorn a second place;—
Soon shall my Bosom for another burn,
Who all your Charms, once cherish'd, shall efface.

And you, gay Rival, who my Rights assume,
And proudly walk, with Vanity elate;—
Short is the date that you shall wear the Plume;
Prepare to meet the just Reverse of Fate!

Tho' rich PACTOLUS pour'd for you his Store,
And Wit and Beauty claim'd for you her Choice;
Th' estrang'd NEÆRA you shall soon deplore,
And I, who now must mourn, may then rejoice!

ON THE

# CONSOLATIONS OF POESY AND LOVE,

TO

## *AURELIA.*

HOR. Ode 26. Lib. 1.

" Musis amicus, tristitiam et Metus—"

BLEST with the Muses' cheering Aid,
Nor Griefs nor Fears my breast invade;
Seize, O ye Winds, the gloomy Brood,
And plunge the Dæmons in the flood!
No anxious Doubts my heart appal,
What Tyrant rules this earthly Ball:
Give me the Goddess, for my Guest;—
Ye sons of Lucre, take the Rest!

O Nymph, who lov'st the limpid Stream,
Pour, thro' my Soul, thy sacred Beam!
Thy choicest, sweetest Flowers prepare,
To deck my lov'd Aurelia's Hair!
My Flight benignantly sustain,
Or else I strike the Lyre in vain!
Assist me, all you tuneful Nine,
In bland Aurelia's Praise combine!
The sweetest Strains of Sappho's Shell
Aurelia's radiant Charms should tell.

# Horace and Lydia.

HOR. Ode 9, Lib. 3.

"Donec gratus eram tibi; &c."

HORACE.

ERE to thy snowy Bosom prest,
A happier Rival shar'd thy Charms;
No monarch was, like Horace, blest,
Disturb'd by nought but Love's alarms.

LYDIA.

To me when Horace pour'd the Lay,
Nor Lydia left, for Chlöe's Love:
In transport, pass'd the live-long Day,
Nor Ilia such Delights could prove.

HORACE.

Of Chlöe now I wear the Chain,
Skill'd in the Harp and thrilling Lyre;
Horace, in Death, will ne'er complain,
If Heaven preserve his Heart's Desire.

LYDIA.

For tender Calaïs, I burn;
Swift glide our Hours in mutual Joy;
Lydia to die will never mourn,
So Heav'n protect her Darling Boy.

HORACE.

Should Venus her quench'd Lamp relume,
And firmer Cords our Hearts entwine;
If Lydia her lost Rights resume
And Chloë all her Claims resign:

LYDIA.

'Tho' the sweet Boy outshine the Star,
You, light as Air, inconstant fly,
Than Adria's Sea more angry far;
With you I'll live, with you I'll die.

TO

# *MARIA.*

HOR. Ode 22, Lib. I.

"Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus."

He, who is blest with Beauty's smiles,
Fearless of Fate's deceitful wiles,
Thro' Life will gaily go;
Needs not Pistol, Potion, Pill,
Quo Minus, Latitat, or Bill,
Sword, Bolus, or the Law.

Whether he's bound in Wedlock's Chains,
Or, single-handed, holds the Reins,
Without controlling Wife;
Whether he rule, with sov'reign Sway,
Or Madam's high Behests obey;
He 'll lead a happy Life.

When struck, with heart-desponding Care,
I met MARIA, charming Fair,
And caught her beaming Eye,
The gloomy Fiend my bosom fled,
And swift on sable Pinions sped,
With fell Despite, to die.

Should ev'ry blooming Beauty come,
From London, Paris, and from Rome,
Circassia's Plains and Greece;
Their combin'd Charms can ne'er surpass
My lively, sweet, and lovely Lass,
Great Nature's Master-piece!

Tho' lodg'd in Newgate or the Fleet,
King's Bench, or that ungracious seat
The Bilboes, or the Stocks;
The darken'd Cell or gloomy Jail,
Where thickest Heads with Terror fail,
And Hearts as hard as Rocks;—

Maria's Lip and dimpled Cheek,
Where wanton Cupids play Bo-peep,
With Constancy I 'll love;
Her Praise shall still inspire my Lay
Thro' Morn and Eve and live-long Day;
I 'll shame the Turtle-Dove!

TO

# *JULIA.*

HOR. Ode 11. Lib. 1.

" Tu ne quæsieris scire (nefas); &c.

WHY will my Julia vainly seek
T' explore the sad and fatal Day,
When Death shall rob that rosy Cheek,
And change that lovely Form to Clay?—

Ah! why consult Soothsaying Dames,
And let them palm that lily Hand!
This smiling Day thy Notice claims:
To-morrow — leave to Jove's Command!

Dark Fate's inevitable Pow'r,

Let us, my Girl, nor court nor dread it:

To Love devote the present Hour,

And to the future give no Credit!

TO

# *AURELIA.*

HOR. Ode 19. Lib. 1.

"Mater sæva Cupidinum; &c."

VENUS again my Bosom moves,
With Bacchus, God of gay Desires,
Reviving long-relinquish'd Loves;—
Again I burn, with am'rous Fires.

Aurelia's bland, bewitching Charms,
As Marble smooth, as Crystal pure,
Provoke delicious Love's Alarms:
Her Glance a Stoïc would allure.

The gentle Laughter-loving Dame,
Of Cyprus leaves the blest Abodes;
Thro' all my Heart allumes her Flame,—
Resistless Flame to Men or Gods!

Aw'd by her Glance, I now refrain
To strike the War-inspiring Shell,
To curb the Rage of France or Spain;—
To Love alone, my Lyre must swell.

Sweet Wreaths of Roses, O, prepare,
Prepare the Heart-inspiring Bowl!
Let blissful Love be all my Care,
Let Love command without control!

# Carmen Nuptiale;

OR,

# BRIDAL HYMN.

TRANSLATED

*FROM CATULLUS.*

# *CARMEN NUPTIALE;*

OR,

# BRIDAL HYMN.

---

YOUTHS.

BLAND Evening comes; O Youths, arise;
His silver Star illumes the Skies;
The Bride, array'd in blooming Charms,
Prepares to bless her Lover's Arms:
Arise, and leave the festive Board,
And Hymen hail, with glad Accord!

CHORUS.

O HYMEN, we invoke thy Pow'r;
Bless with thy Beams the Bridal Hour!

MAIDENS.

The Youths arise; O Maids, prepare;
Let us th' alternate Conflict dare!
The Harbinger of gloomy Night
Shews in the East his livid Light:—
Behold, the Youths attune the Lyre,
And to the Conqu'ror's Wreath aspire!

CHORUS.

O Hymen, we invoke thy Pow'r;
Bless with thy Beams the Bridal Hour!

YOUTHS.

No easy Palm the Maidens yield;
With Mein elate they take the Field:
Lo! now they meditate the Strain:
Nor will they meditate in vain;
This Subject all their Care employs,
Whilst we pursue more varied Joys.

Companions, devious Thoughts recall,
Or we, with Justice vanquish'd, fall!
Attend! the Fair commence the Strife;
Rejoin, or ne'er possess a Wife!

CHORUS.

O Hymen, we invoke thy Pow'r;
Bless with thy Beams the Bridal Hour!

MAIDENS.

O cruel HESPERUS, we see,
No Star in Heaven so curst as thee!
Who tear'st the Maid, serene and blest,
From a fond Mother's tender Breast;—
Her blooming Beauties, chaste and mild,
Evanish when by Man defil'd:
O, what more dire and cruel Fate
Can Cities storm'd and sack'd await!

CHORUS.

O Hymen, we invoke thy Pow'r;
Bless with thy Beams the Bridal Hour!

YOUTHS.

O Hesperus, no Light in Heaven
Than thee sublimer Joys hath given;
We bless thy mild benignant Ray
As lovelier than the God of Day:
When the fair Maid hath vow'd her hand,
Thou ratifiest the hallow'd Band!

CHORUS.

O Hymen, we invoke thy Pow'r;
Bless with thy Beams the Bridal Hour!

MAIDENS.

Thou Hesperus, from us hast torn,
Companion dear, to Wedlock borne;

At thy approach, the Watchmen rise,
To guard from Pillage and Surprise;
In Night's dread Gloom, the Robber hides;—
Fell Hesperus to Havock guides.

CHORUS.

O Hymen, we invoke thy Pow'r;
Bless with thy Beams the Bridal Hour!

YOUTHS.

What if the Maids, who now complain,
In secret court thy gentle Reign!
Their strains affected Plaints display,
Their melting Bosoms own thy sway!

CHORUS.

O Hymen, we invoke thy Pow'r;
Bless with thy Beams the Bridal Hour!

MAIDENS.

In Gardens fenc'd the Flower grows,
And, with unsullied Sweetness, glows;
No browsing Cattle crop the Stem,
No Plough subverts the lovely Gem;
Nurs'd by the Rain and Solar Ray,
Around the Plant the Zephyrs play;
Its Tints each Nymph and Swain admires,
And anxiously the Prize desires:—
But when by tender Fingers torn,
By Nymph and Swain,—'tis left, with Scorn.
Such is the Fate of modest Maid,
Belov'd, admir'd, when in the Shade:
But when her Virgin Sweets are gone,
Despis'd, deserted, and alone.

CHORUS.

O Hymen, we invoke thy Pow'r;
Bless with thy Beams the Bridal Hour!

YOUTHS.

Fix'd on the naked Plain, the Vine,
Whose Arms around no Elm entwine,
No lofty Branches ever rears,
No Grape delicious ever bears,—
But feebly crawls along the Ground,
The Root and Head coequal found;
Prone, desolate, and waste it lies,
And scorn'd by Swains and Shepherds dies.
But to the Elm if youthful bound,
'Tis then with grateful Product crown'd;
Shepherds and Swains the Grape compress,
And the luxurious Fruitage bless.
Such is the Fate of cruel Maid,
Whose barren Charms neglected fade:—
Those Charms, when Hymen's Bands unite,
Her Husband's Joy and Sire's Delight.

And you, betrothed Maiden, learn
Connubial Rites, nor idly mourn!
In Duty own a Husband's Sway;
With Gladness, his Behests obey;
Behold in him three Rights conjoin,
A Father's, Mother's, and his own;
All Duties not with you reside;
These with your Parents you divide,
Who to a Son assign their Right.
O, ne'er the sacred Duties slight,
But to the Laws of Hymen bow,
And cherish the Connubial Vow!

CHORUS.

O Hymen, we invoke thy Pow'r;
Bless with thy Beams the Bridal Hour!

# ODE

TO

## *LESBIA'S SPARROW.*

TRANSLATED FROM CATULLUS.

---

SWEET SPARROW, LESBIA's dear Delight,
Of Iv'ry Bill and Plumage bright;
Wont with the lovely Nymph to play,
And on her swelling Bosom lay;
To whom she holds her lily Hand,
Where, pertly perch'd, you proudly stand;
With her you sportive Combats move,
And rival me in Lesbia's Love;
Your lively, arch, amusing Airs
Assist to soothe the Maiden's Cares!

O that my Griefs you could controul,
And calm the Tumults of my Soul;
My fervent Thanks you then should share,
More grateful than the rapid Fair*,
To whom the golden Apple thrown
Unloos'd her long-restraining Zone!

* Atalanta.

# Funus Passeris;

## THE SPARROW'S DIRGE.

TRANSLATED FROM CATULLUS.

LAMENT, ye Venuses and Loves;
O quench your Fires, destroy your Doves!
Ye Gallants all, in Anguish weep,
And mournful, tearful Vigils keep!
For lovely LESBIA's fav'rite Prize,
More cherish'd than her beaming Eyes,—
Her Joy, her Darling, dear Delight,
Her SPARROW—sleeps in endless night!
Oh! he was gentle, kind, and true,
No Maid her Mother better knew;

Would, in her snowy Bosom lay,
Nor from his Mistress ever stray :
But now, he seeks the gloomy Bourn,
From whence nor Birds nor Men return !
Death ! ill befall thy Tyrant Power,
Who all that 's lovely dar'st devour !
Thou hast her pretty Sparrow slain,
And tender Lesbia mourns in vain ;
Those Eyes more radiant than the Spheres,
Are clouded now with galling Tears.

# Le Refus du Baiser.

DE ce Refus pénétrez-vous la cause ?
Vous êtes belle, et j'ai quatre-vingts ans,
Par un Baiser je fanerois la
Et ce seroit un outrage au Printems.

Je dois laisser à la vive Jeunesse
Ces Biens si doux, elle a droit d'en jouir;
De vos Plaisirs il reste à Vieillesse
Moins un Regret qu'un heureux Souvenir.

Pour un Refus ne croyez pas, Bergère,
Que l'Age rende un Cœur indifférent !
Mais un Baiser pourroit-il satisfaire,
Ne causant plus le Plaisir que l'on sent !

Je m'en souviens, j'avois une Maîtresse,
Belle, modeste, et fraîche, comme vous ;
Elle eut vos Traits ; j'avois votre Jeunesse,
Et c'est alors que les Baisers sont doux.

# The Kiss Refused.

*TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.*

O Lovely Lydia, learn the cause
Why I refuse thy proffer'd Lip!
Cold Age's Kiss may blight the Rose;
Such blooming Sweets I should not sip.

Let Winter leave to ardent Spring
The just Exchange of mutual Love!
Tho' hoary Eld now droops my Wing,
Fond Mem'ry no regret shall move.

Tho' I decline th' ecstatic Bliss,
Deem not my Heart too cold to burn!
Ah no! I wave thy balmy Kiss,
Since I cannot the Joy return.

Yet once I felt Love's genial Ray,
Once woo'd a Maiden kind and fair,—
I, young as you, the Maid as gay:
Ah, then how sweet our Kisses were!

## *IMPROMPTU.*

WRITTEN IN 1793, TO MARGARETTA, ON HER REQUESTING TO KNOW THE AUTHOR'S POLITICAL SENTIMENTS.

---

DOES lovely Marg'ret deign t' enquire,
Whether I join the Loyal Choir
And CAPET's Fate deplore;
Or, with the furious Zeal of PAINE,
All Reverence to Kings disdain,
And Liberty adore?

Let not, my Fair, a Doubt molest,
Or Fear disturb thy tender Breast,
Which Party I espouse!—
Tho' trait'rous to all other Laws,
Firm I'd remain to BEAUTY's Cause,
The humblest Slave that bows.

What tho' of Kings the servile Yoke,
By Liberty's rude Hands be broke,
And regal Power depart!
Still will be paid the Tribute due
To Beauty's Power, enthron'd in you,
The Homage of the Heart.

## *IMPROMPTU.*

A POET'S THREE SUBSTANTIAL REASONS FOR NOT SUBSCRIBING TO ENLIGHTEN THE TOWN OF PENRITH WITH LAMPS.

---

THRO' the dark Veil of Night (to a Lover more dear,
Than the Sun in pursuit of his Love.)
By the Flambeau of CUPID when silent I steer,
Tell-tale Lamps—can I ever approve?
Ask a BARD to subscribe! search the Records of yore!
And these terrible Truths you will find;
All Poets, alas! to a Proverb, are poor,
And both HOMER and MILTON were blind!

## *IMPROMPTU.*

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S MEMORANDUM BOOK, INTO WHICH THE AUTHOR HAD THE PRESUMPTION TO PEEP.

---

COXCOMBS, beware to peer and look
Into this pretty Pocket-Book;
Within does lurking Danger lie,
As in the OWNER's beaming Eye;
Assail'd by both, who can withstand 'em,
A killing Glance or Memorandum!

## *IMPROMPTU.*

WRITTEN AT BUTTERMERE.

I'VE seen the daring HATFIELD'S Bride,
Extoll'd by Tourists far and wide;
But, faith! to tell you true,
She's but a humble, plain Brunette,
Her like in a Town, you'll get,
Without a much ado.

To 'scape the dismal hempen Noose,
Old Hymen's Knot I'd not refuse;
I like a *little* HOPE:—
But sure the Dog was much to blame
By false Pretence to wed the Dame,
And reap a DOUBLE ROPE.

## *IMPROMPTU,*

ON MISS G——.

A Stranger Paradox, dear Ma'am,
You scarcely can conceive,
That I of Mortals happiest am,
Whene'er I turn to GRIEVE!

## *IMPROMPTU,*

ADDRESSED BY A LADY TO MR. F——.

EXPLAIN this Paradox, I pray;
The Cause I pr'ythee tell!
To him I wish would ever stay,
I cry, "My dear FAREWELL!"

## Epigram,

ON THE MARRIAGE OF MISS A. KING TO MR. A. J—ES.

O Hymen, surely 'twas a Shame,
One of thy worst Mistakes,
To change a Maiden's Royal Name
And turn her to a J——es!

## Epigrams from Owen,

PARAPHRASED.

'Tis strange that Tom a *Vacuum* denies,
When his own Head an Argument supplies!

ORPHEUS from Hell his dearest Spouse would bear:
But Wives less tender, send their Husbands there!

---

MARRIAGE, Germanicus, has various ends;
It brings not merely Children, but Friends.

---

SINCE my Applause thy Vanity would raise,
Permit me, Titius, to withhold my Praise.

---

NO Wonder Crito loves himself alone;
Since, save himself, he is belov'd by none.

---

"THOU shalt not steal," at Lawyers aims;
The sixth Commandment the Physician claims.

---

THE Ebbs and Flows of fluctuating Love,
Her Origin Marine must clearly prove;—
VENUS a Planet is (and no fix'd Star);
No wonder, Lovers so inconstant are!

'TIS strange that Doctors are unwell
Or Lawyers are deceiv'd:
But that a Priest should go to Hell,
Can never be believ'd.

---

WHAT Child e'er knew his Father, Madam?—
The first-born Son of Father Adam.

---

OLD Time wastes all Things under Heaven;
But we waste Time,—so there we're even.

---

## Ex Tallionis.

BAVIUS revenges his own Cause,
Despising ancient Times;
Posterity, full well he knows,
Will never read his Rhymes.

---

IF Curio's Silence hides his Sense,
Him for a Fool despise;
But if to Wit he 's no Pretence,
Then Curio is wise.

POOR Job lost Fortune, Children, Health,
And Friends; — to vex his Life,
And more to aggravate the Stealth,
The Devil left — his Wife.

---

### In Vino Veritas.

IF "Truth 's in Wine," (as said,) without dispute
Bibo must long ere this have found it out.

---

ETERNAL are the Works that Calvus penn'd,
For they have no Beginning nor an End.

# The Task.

## *BY A SPELL-BOUND POET.*

Addressed to a Lady who required him to try how many Rhymes could be made to SPELL.

---

OH! for some powerful Magic Spell,
That might, unto my Aid, compel
The Maids, who on Parnassus dwell,
And drink the Heliconian Well,
With Strength my feeble Notes to swell,
And strike the loud Poetic Shell,
In solitary Strain, to tell,
The Virtues of a Charming Belle,
Who dwells in Street 'yclep'd FINKELL,
In the renowned Town of KENDAL.
The Rose and Lily's Tints and Smell
Cannot this lovely Nymph excel,

Who is of all the Nonpareil,
" But of herself the Parallel;"
Who'd grace a Mountain or a Dell,
A Monarch's Throne or Hermit's Cell,
The rural Walk or splendid Mall;
Who graceful, good, and sensible,
Can all discordant Passions quell,
And Care and Discontent dispel,
Which vanish with a furious yell,
To seek their just abode in Hell.
Gentle and mild as Jobson's Nell,
Or Jacob's Wife, the fam'd Rachel,
With Fortitude of Hannah Snell,
She charms the Heart of M'Donell,
Who'd gladly his Commission sell,
And fly with the lov'd Maid to Zell.—
Of twelve o'Clock I hear the Knell,
Which rudely drives me o'er Shap Fell,
And leaves but Time to add Farewell!

# Epistle,

## FROM MISS —— TO HER FRIEND

### IN THE COUNTRY.

O Jane, you'll laugh your sides to split,
To hear my Cousin's turn'd a Wit,
And Ode and Song and Sonnet writ,
Such Shadows as, with Sun-beams, flit;
He 's, sure, by Cupid's Arrows smit,
Or been by some mad Poet bit,
Or some De'el on his Brain Pan 's lit,
That 's brought on this sad Rhyming Fit;
He laughs at Lawyer, Soldier, Cit,
Nor even spares a poor Cock-pit,
But will his rhyming Venom spit,
And pour the sharp satiric Skit,
Which tho' some think a lucky Hit,

For my part, I like not a whit,
Or call me a base Hypocrite;
" Poeta nascitur, non fit."
I wish he'd this vile Traffic quit,
And coolly in his Office sit;
He'd better Stockings learn to knit,
Or ev'n a Garter or a Mit;
For then he'll something make of it.
But sure I am he soon will get,
For all his Jokes a Tat for Tit,
And be knock'd down like any Nit,
Perhaps with loss of his Bowsprit;
And then he'd better been bes—t.
My Letter I've not finish'd yet,
Tho' what the Lawyers call the *Gist*
With Rhymes to make your Teeth all Grit,
And Nonsense fill'd an ample Kit,
You'll wish my Pen without a Slit.

TO

# *MELPOMENE:*

## A GRATEFUL EFFUSION

HOR. Ode 3. Book iv.

"Quem tu, Melpomene, semel — &c."

HE, whom Melpomenè beguiles,
And gladdens with her radiant Smiles,
Heedless, neglects the ardent Course,
Nor tames the wild and rapid Horse;
Cares not to celebrate his Name,
By Deeds of stout athletic Fame;
Nor, when his Country's Cause commands,
Will join her Patriotic Bands,
To check Ambition's mad Career,
In Cumbrias' Ranks, a Volunteer;

Base BUONAPART, her direst Foe,
From whom EUROPA's Sorrows flow,
To combat fierce in glorious War,
And dash from his Imperial Car!
Him, where clear EAMONT swiftly glides,
Thro' Woods, that deck her verdant Sides,
PENRITH adorns, with POET's Name,
And round her BEACON, pours his Fame,
His Strains the Muse divine inspires,
And blesses, with Horatian Fires;
And, should her Inspiration fail,
Supplies it, with HUDSONIAN ALE;
Sweet Strains that less Vexation draw,
Than the Perplexities of Law!
O MUSE! who to a Block cans't give
Those Strains, that may, for ever, live,
And Heav'nly Harmony produce,
E'en from a *Cod-fish* or a *Goose*;

To thee my grateful Thanks are due,
(Aided by Ale, to Poets true,)
That now I ne'er can take the Air,
But Townsmen pass, with curious Stare,
And pointing to my Head reclin'd,
(In POPE and MARO both we find
The selfsame Trait, as Hist'ries writ,
Great Heads, surcharg'd with too much Wit,)
Admiring cry, "Lo! there he goes,
"Who left the Law and humble Prose,
"And now is turn'd, you all must know it,
"A most egregious Lyric Poet;"
Such Honours, MUSE, to thee I owe,
Which gratefully I—LET THEE KNOW!

SKINBURNESSIANA.

# Skinburnessiana*.

## CHARADE I.

### TO MARIA.

O'ER the cold Ground, with gentle Step, to tread,
My interwoven *first* is often spread;
A humble Flock will claim my *second* part,
Which Food and Raiment to Mankind impart;

---

* As these Levities were the first Lessons taught the Author by his two benevolent Preceptresses, it is hoped that liberal Criticism will not blame his Gratitude for inserting them here.— It may sometimes be a matter of curiosity to trace the Scholar to his Horn-book; and a Banquet can never be deemed complete, unless given "*ab Ovo usque ad Mala.*" But fastidious Criticism may probably remark that the Author's Eggs are addled, and by construing adjectively, to give to his *mala* the least innocent Interpretation.—Musæ, avertite omen!

My beauteous *whole*, on Solway's Shore resides,
And sportive laves in its salubrious Tides.
With awe, ye Waves, her various Beauties scan,
Then with your Venus, match her if you can!

## CHARADE II.

### TO MRS. ——.

TO gain my *first*, men ev'ry effort try,—
Fight, poison, plunder, flatter, fawn, and lie;
My *second* come, 'twill then appear most plain
To every Mind, that such Pursuits are vain;
Conjoin'd, a graceful Scotian Dame you have,
Who lately courted Skinburnèsa's Wave:
May she (my *first* and other blessings shar'd)
For my dread *second* ever be prepar'd!

## CHARADE III.

*In Revenge for some satirical Charades the following Retort was provoked.*

BY MRS. —— AND MR. ——.

MY *first* is a Name we apply to the Devil;
My *second*, to Parents too oft proves an Evil;
In my *first* and my *second*, is truly combin'd,
A Poet with neck on his shoulder reclin'd.

## CHARADE IV.

### BY MISS GILES.

ALL ye, who love to cull the Stores,
By Time's proud Hand preserv'd;
In History's Page, my *first* is seen,
By six fair Queens preferr'd.

My *second* is, by many, found
The choicest Gift below;
By others oft is fully deem'd
The bitt'rest Cup of Woe.

My *whole* now treads the shelvy Shore
Of Solway's sandy Way,
Dispensing Mirth to all around,
And guiles away the Day.

TO

## MISS GILES.

OF late, a poor unlucky Wight,
Advent'ring a Poetic Flight,
Provok'd the Vengeance keen,
And the conjoint, sarcastic Ire,
Of a redoubted Dame and 'Squire,
And had been slain, I ween;—

Had not, benignant, interpos'd,
A Nymph of Harmony compos'd,
Who, with Hygeïan pow'r,
Did quite extract the poison'd Dart,
And o'er his Care-worn, wounded Heart,
Her heavenly Balsam show'r.

O Nymph, bedeck'd with roseate Smiles,
Harmonic, charitable GILES,
Accept my humble Vow,
That ne'er may Sorrow's base Alloy
The golden Peace of Mind destroy,
To you so justly due!

Ne'er may fell Passion's furious Storm,
Nor Envy's Rocks, of horrid form,
Thy gentle Bark assail;
Nor Vanity's delusive Shoal,
Nor Sloth, the Quicksand of the Soul,
Where shipwreck'd I bewail!

Blest with the Helm of Innocence,
And that best Pilot Common Sense,
Thro' Life's Tempestuous Tides,
Truth shall expand the swelling Sails,
And waft thy Bark, with prosp'rous Gales,
Where Happiness abides.

## SONG.

GAILY quaffing near the Ocean,
I fear no low'ring Tempest nigh,
Save but LOVE's sublime Commotion,
Rais'd by sweet Miss Willoughby.
*Willoughby! Willoughby!* &c.

Tho' the Tide 's tempestuous flowing,
I fear but her bright piercing Eye,
Whilst my heart 's with transport glowing,
Enraptur'd with Miss Willoughby.
*Willoughby! Willoughby!* &c.

Lovely Nymph, then soothe my Anguish;
Doom not your suff'ring Slave to die;
Or must I ever sigh and languish,
And still repeat my dolorous Cry!

*O Willoughby! Willoughby!* &c.

## ENIGMA I.

### ADDRESSED TO MRS. ——.

PERMIT me, Lady, to rehearse
A pleasing Theme, in humble Verse!
The Daisy pied and Violet blue,
And Harebells, of a purple Hue,
Oft, in my fruitful SUBJECT,
And, with unsullied sweetness, glow.
There, with just Gratitude, we scan
The Staff, Support, and Prop of Man;
Sportsmen pursue, with transport, there,
The wily Fox and timid Hare.
But hark! what Horrors strike my Ears!
There War his crimson Standard rears!
Ah! there, is heard the Clarion's sound,
There, loud redoubling Drums astound;

There Valour yields his struggling Breath,
And seeks the silent House of Death;
There Widows wail, and Orphans cry,
Ev'n in the Lap of Victory!
O, bear me from the harrowing Scene!
Recall those Features, bland and green!
Where sportive Lambs and Heifers play,
Pure, innocent, serene, and gay!
Or let me view the pleasing Name,
Associate, with a lovely Dame,
Who seeks sweet Skinburnèsa's Waves,
And in its foaming Billow laves;
Whose like (I must not say the same,
For dread of Matrimonial Blame,)
Whose like, array'd in blooming Charms
I'd clasp, with Transport in my Arms.

*Sept.* 8, 1805.

## CHARADE V.

TO

## CAROLINE AND MARIANNE.

HEED, lovely Maids, a Poet's Prayer!
Of Time's destroying Scythe beware!
Lest in my fading *first* you sink,
With Age, your radiant Beauties shrink:
Ne'er fruitless waste your fleeting Charms,
But clasp my *second* in your Arms!

END OF SKINBURNESSIANA.

## CHARADE VI.

### TO MARIA.

IF I, by any *first*,
(Without Practice accurst)
Could incline my sweet *whole* to be kind,
Perhaps my fair Bride
(Dame Partlet aside)
With a *second* might solace my Mind.

## CHARADE VII.

### TO THE SAME.

MY *first* was an eminent Saint and a Martyr,
As I am — unto your fair Charms;
Then for Wedlock, sweet Maid, let us barter,
And you'll soon have my *next*, in your Arms.

## CHARADE VIII.

### TO ISABELLA ——.

WHEN your delicate *first* I encircle,
My old *second* why should I regard,
Or to change my ragg'd *whole* need I burtle,
Tho' not worth a penny a yard?

## CHARADE IX.

### TO ELIZA.

MY *first* is the Place 'twixt the Shoulders and Chin,
Ah! may me no such exit await!
Whence the Hatchet, the Bowstring, and hempen-made Gin,
Oft dismiss the next Soul to its Fate.

My *next* is a Cord, blest as Venus's Zone,
When your delicate Bodice it binds;
'Tis also Attire, to you Ladies well known,
But poor me—it of Whipping reminds!

My *whole* is a Toy of Vermillion Hue,
That on Betsy's white Bosom has place,
And saucily dares (the Remark is not new)
To rival the Rose on her Face.

Then, Eliza, O, cast the vain Bauble away,
Ere those transient Roses shall fade,
(For, ev'n heav'nly Beauty like thine must decay)
And *take my fond Arm in its Stead!*

## CHARADE X.

VAIN, wretched man, for Mercy to implore,
Flies to my *first* to worship and adore:
For Rich or Poor, when summon'd to the Tomb,
Two of my *second* give abundant Room:
Lain in my *whole*, no anxious Cares molest,—
The wicked vex not, and the weary rest.

## CHARADE XI.

To *MARIA, MARGARETTA,* AND *ANNA.*

CLOSE as my *first* (th' allusion 's not divine)
Round my torn Heart Love's cruel Cords entwine;
The murm'ring *next*, that by her Mansion flows,
Is a faint Emblem of the streaming Woes,
Which for my beauteous *whole* I hapless feel,
Whilst her sweet Name I tremble to reveal.

Come, O my Muse, my flatt'ring Tongue to aid,
And make propitious my too charming Maid;
Then my rough *first* shall sooner smoother grow,—
Sooner my *second* shall forget to flow,
Than my fond Heart shall e'er inconstant prove
To my bright *whole*, the Object of my Love.

## *POSTSCRIPT.*

Whisper'd my Muse: — "O Love-worn Poet, tell,
Which of these Graces three you love so well;
To whom your Passion and your Verse apply,
For whom you scribble and for whom you die?"
On Ida's Mount, when three Immortals strove
For the bright Palm of Beauty and of Love,
Not so great Doubt perplex'd the Trojan Boy,
Where to bestow the tempting golden Toy;
For if to Gods' their Beauty to compare is,
I must confess *their Poet is no Paris.*

## CHARADE XII.

IN pursuit of my *first*, pray pursue the extreme,
And according to Lawyer Monbodd,
Its Possession or Want 's the Distinction between
A vile Ape and the Image of God.

Tho' 'tis said, his Remark is not perfectly sound,
And perhaps he advis'd without Fee;
In the De'el, a distinguishing Trait it is found;
And in Turkey, Men often wear three.

My *next*, that you're called to conjecture aright,
Will a small Preposition unfold,
Which, tho' feeble in Size, is of wonderful Weight,
And in France is an Emblem of Gold.

My *whole* tho' the World contemptuously treat,
As a Fraction of Nature's great Plan,
I must say, and I speak with no little Regret,
He oft forms the best part of the Man.

## CHARADE XIII.

MY *first*, tho' said to be always behind,
Is frequently term'd a Support;
My *next* to my *first* a near neighbour you'll find,
And my *whole* 's of most evil Report.

This about us we all invisibly bear
And coyly its Features conceal;
And perhaps I may now imprudently dare,
In thus withdrawing the Veil.

## CHARADE XIV.

MY *first* 's an Impulse of the Mind,
When we wish to enjoy but we daren't;
My *second* 's the first of his kind,
And far above any Vicegerent:—

My *whole* will both sorrow and bless,
Serve for Purposes nauseous or mild;
It will Chloe's white Bosom compress,
Or my Nasals with Snuff all defil'd.

'Tis this the great Eastern Bashaw
To his Favourite Fatima throws:
When with Sorrow our Eyes overflow,
This receives the Salt Stream of our Woes.

## CHARADE XV.

### TO DOROTHEA.

FREE from the Vices and the Cares,
That canker Life's maturer Years,
My *first* the Infant's Mind employs,
And gladdens with unsullied joys:
As Years advance, for sordid Gain,
Few from my blasted *next* refrain;
Then the blest Bands of Virtue burst,
Then flow Dishonour and Distrust:
My *whole* the short Prænomen gives
Of Maiden who serenely lives,
Where now I her, with Gladness, greet,
By rural GRASMERE's calm Retreat;

Whom Years have not despoil'd of Truth,
Nor the Simplicity of Youth;
Who, with Affections chaste and kind,
Of Infants forms the tender Mind.
Oh! may the lovely Charge she rears
Increase in Virtue, as in Years!

## ENIGMA II.

### *FROM BOILEAU.*

DU Repos des Humains implacable Ennemi,
J'ai rendu mille Amans envieux de ma sort ;
Je répais du Sang, et je trouve ma Vie
Dans les Bras de celui qui souhaite ma Mort.

IMITATED.

For Combat arm'd, inur'd to Blood,
I pierce the vicious and the good,
And wage a desp'rate War ;
Rev'ling in Beauty's Arms I lie,
And lovesick Swains no more would sigh,
Could they my Station share.

Expert in War's destructive Art,
As Hannibal or Buonapart,
Whene'er I take the Field,
Fierce I invade my Foe's Domain,
In Carnage and in Rapine reign,
And never, living, yield.

## ENIGMA III.

## TO ISABELLA.

IN BRITAIN'S COURT, distinguish'd, from afar,
In Arts and Arms, in Politics and War,
Statesmen with Warriors mix'd, a noble Band,
Proud to perform their Monarch's dread command,

SPLENDID I SHINE, tho' not of high degree,
And make illustrious Princes bow the Knee;—
Chiefs, grac'd by me, fill Europe with Alarms,
And all obey me, as the King of Arms.—
In Stations more retir'd, but happier far,
On BRITAIN's BEAUTIES (like the Morning Star,
Brilliant, tho' modest, which forbears to shine,
When piercing Phœbus pours his Ray divine,)
HUMBLY I WAIT;—wove by their gentle Hands,
And, by their Skill, involv'd in various Bands.
Check'd by my Care, vile Wrinkles I erase,
And make an Ancle, tempting as a Face.
Would ISABELLA deign, with tender Care,
To make her Swain a Present of a Pair,
The grateful Gift he will with Rapture take
And proudly wear, — for the lov'd Donor's Sake.

## ENIGMA IV.

AS fam'd Prometheus, who his Art display'd,
And, of vile Clay, a beauteous Statue made;
That the fair Form might Life and Knowledge prove,
Stole Fire Celestial from the Realms of Jove:
Ev'n so my Form 's of various Parts combin'd,—
But I derive my noblest from the Mind.
Like to Minerva, I am often bred,
And leap exulting from my Parent's Head;
And though, like her, no clanging Arms I bear,
Yet jingling Fetters frequently I wear:
In ancient Ages, I was greatly fam'd,
And ev'n in Holy Writ am often nam'd;
And in those times, by History you're shewn,
Have rais'd my Conqu'ror to a Royal Throne:

Oft I am heard, tho' not to sight disclos'd;
Often not seen, tho' to the Ear disclos'd;
I, by the Eye, may frequently be seen,
Tho' no Perception tell you what I mean;
Often may strike your Auditory Nerve,
Altho' your Mental Ear may not observe:
Ev'n in this room, where you may strictly search,
I still may be, yet leave you in the Lurch,—
And, what will yet unto you stranger sound,
Where I am not, yet there I may be found!
Ancient and Modern Languages I speak,
Hebrew and English, Latin, French, and Greek:
My Habit, tho' of humble Texture made,
Frequently figures in a Masquerade;
In various Forms, I'm by the curious sought;
I'm this, or that, I'm any Thing or Nought:
Drest in all Shapes, I Proteus-like evade,—
Now as you grasp, I sink into the Shade,—

Now as you view, I vanish from the Eye,
And tho' I'm heard, you cannot me descry :
Soon as I'm born, to find me you aspire,
Whilst from the View I studiously retire.
Should this Description your Attention meet,
Seek not to draw me from my close Retreat ;
Like to the modest Maid, whose Charms conceal'd,
Have more Allurements than if full reveal'd,
Should I too openly my Name disclose,
That doubtful Name which your Attention draws ;
Tho' you may think me tolerably fair,
Then I your Notice may no longer share.

Note. — This Enigma is not original, but the versification of a prose one ; the Author unknown.

# To my Lyre.

A GRATEFUL EFFUSION.

HORACE, Ode 32. Lib. i.

"Poscimus, si quid vacui sub umbrâ; &c."

O, Tell me, spirit-soothing Lyre,
Who fill'st my throbbing Heart with Fire,
When, in the cool sequester'd Shade,
I court thy tranquillizing Aid;
Say, shall the Lyric Notes I pour,
Live for an Age, or for an Hour!
Teach me to strike the vocal Shell,
My Strains, with sacred Ardour, swell!
O thou, who first Alcæus taught,—
Him, who in Arms ferocious fought,

Yet, crimson'd o'er with hostile Blood,
Or rock'd, upon the roaring Flood,
Still could harmonious Numbers raise,
To Bacchus' and the Muses' Praise;
Could pour the Lay, to Beauty's Charms,
And to the Boy who fills her Arms,
And Lycus sing, with amorous Sighs,
Of ebon Hair, and ebon Eyes.
O Lyre supreme, sublime Delight,
Who cheer'st my lonely Hours of Night;
Who canst immortal Raptures move,
And sway the Soul of mighty Jove,
Benignant Balm of all my Care,
Thy Influence ever let me share!—

# KEY

TO THE

CHARADES AND ENIGMAS.

---

CHARADE I. - Matt-ewes.

——— II. - Gold-die.

——— III. - Harri-son.

——— IV. - Harri-son.

——— V. - Wane-man.

——— VI. - Step-hen-son.

——— VII. - Stephen-son.

——— VIII. - Waist-coat.

——— IX. - Neck-lace.

——— X. - Church-yard.

——— XI. - Bur-beck.

——— XII. - Tail-or.

——— XIII. - B——e.

——— XIV. - Handker-chief.

——— XV. - Dol-ly.

ENIGMA I. - Field.
——— II. - Un Puce.
The Same - - - A Flea.
——— III. - Garter.
——— IV. - Enigma.

FINIS.

BRETTELL, Printer,
Marshall-street, Golden-square.

# POSTSCRIPT,

*After Accouchement and the Author's Receipt of his Progeny in Sheets from the Press.*

A raw Recruit in the ranks of Literature, nearly 300 miles remote from the grand Literary Arena, and unsupported by a regulating Adjutant, humbly hopes that casual Peccadillos in Style, Uniform, Punctuation, and Arrangement, will, in this first of his fields, be overlooked as venial, or at least not subjected to all the rigours of regular discipline by the Critical Field-Marshals. They, he trusts, will act with less severity than his old friend Ignoramus; in whose code,

"*Unum comma evertit totum placitum.*"

However, to forestal chastisement as far as in him lies, he submits the subjoined Corrigenda of such Inaccuracies as are flagrantly obvious; the remainder must be postponed till after the Report of the Reviewing Generals: and should the *Tyro*, on their inspection, be returned fit for active service, their Strictures will be gratefully attended to and acknowledged in his next campaign.

"Four Gallic vessels of the line—"

A critical friend, on perusing this line, in p. 115, Vol. I. shrugged up his shoulders; and the following conversation took place:

CRITIC.—Allow me to observe, sir, that you sink here most profoundly.

POET.—Why, sir, that is precisely what I wish. The Sound should be an echo to the Sense; and the Subject relates to the *sinking* of the Gallic navy.

CRITIC.—You grossly misunderstand me. I mean, you fall into what we call the Bathos, or Art of Sinking.

POET.—Very right, sir: and that *art*, I trust, Britons will never forget to practise, when opposed to an enemy.

CRITIC.—Truce with your quibbling, sir, and this wilful perversion of my meaning;—which is, that you violate a great critical rule by, after making use of elevated diction, degrading the stanza by a weak and impotent anti-climax—

"And thou, Dalhousie, thou great god of war;
"Lieutenant-colonel to the earl of Mar!"

"*Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu?*
"*Parturiunt montes; nascetur ridiculus mus.*"

Driven to extremities, and all farther subterfuge cut off, I resolutely determined to justify, and at least *die hard*; therefore nailing my flag to the mast, I answered firmly: Sir, your criticism proceeds upon a fallacy,—by presuming an expression, because colloquial, to be

necessarily vulgar;—a conclusion which I deny. I find no fault in the accused line either as to strength, melody, sentiment, or truth;—nor can I by any periphrase improve it. A vessel of the line is one of the most magnificent and sublime objects of human art: and though, amongst Britons, the term is and always will be colloquial, I trust it will never become mean.

Critic.—I find you are wilfully incorrigible, and therefore reluctantly leave you to your fate. "*Quem Deus vult perdere*," &c.—But as we are both *at issue*, there appears yet one mode of deciding our difference, and that is a wager:—therefore I will bet a *Jorum* of your inspiring liquor, that the Literary Censors (if they think you worth their notice) will agree with me in proscribing this passage.

Poet.—Done! with all my heart; and (barring the bribe) I moreover pledge myself to pay the umpires (be their award *pro* or *con.*) the fee of a jorum at our *Hudsonian Symposium*,—if they will do us the honour to attend there and drink it.

And now "*per musas et charites et omnia poetarum*
"*numina, benigne lector, oro te ne me malè capias!*"

*Penrith,*
*12th March*, 1806.

# Corrigenda.

## VOL. I.

| *Page.* | *Line.* | |
|---|---|---|
| 5 | 13 | For " When the full *tide's huge* surges *soar.*" read When the full *tide his* surges *hoar.* |
| 23 | 8 | Add *the.* |
| 24 | 1 | For *full*, read *fell.* |
| 32 | 12 | — *fancy*, read *fury.* |
| 73 | 13 | — *and*, read *or.* |
| 79 | 3 | Omit *a.* |
| 90 | 9 | For *Floris*, read *Florio.* |
| 90 | 15 | — *mystic dances*, read *festive dancers.* |
| 104 | 7 | — *sands*, read *lands.* |
| 111 | 5 | — *airé*, read *eyry.* |
| 115 | 9 | — *essay*, read *assay.* |
| 162 | 12 | — *correct* and, read *collect* and |
| 171 | | — le *voila*, read le *voici.* |
| 172 | 4 | Add *of.* |
| 176 | 3 | For *O*, read *I.* |
| 175 | 4 | — *Eamon's*, read *Eamont's.* |

## VOL. II

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 23 | 13 | For *to*, read *so.* |
| 24 | 10 | — *in*, read *a.* |
| 36 | 3 | — *I dread*, read *ydread.* |
| 83 | 3 | — *scorn'd*, read *storm'd.* |
| 88 | 12 | — *lather*, read *leather.* |
| 97 | 16 | — *seductive*, read *sedative.* |
| 109 | 8 | — *nor*, read *not.* |
| 110 | 12 | Add a note of interrogation at the end. |
| 112 | 4 | For *needs not pistol*, read *needs not* the *pistol* |
| 157 | 8 | In note, omit *to.* |
| 165 | 5 | Add *grow.* |
| 169 | 3 | For *hurtle*, read *hustle.* |
| 172 | 1 | — *flatt'ring*, read *falt'ring.* |

It is but justice to add that the above errors are more imputable to the Author and his Amanuensis, than to his Printer.

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